

# Sunday Advertiser

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## A LAY SUNDAY ARTICLE.

Some observations made within the last few days by Mr. Bingham suggest a broad view of the relations of Americanism to modern civilization, which is permeated by the Christian element. Until the Nineteenth Century was far advanced, and for ages before that period, the world was filled with religious controversies, which raged with bitterness and violence. The wars between the Christians and the Saracens, the wars in the Netherlands, bloody campaigns in England, Scotland and Ireland and in various parts of continental Europe, as well as desolating struggles in different colonies and dependencies, originated in sectarian feuds, which also produced unendurable persecutions, in which fire and the block were the instruments of intolerant zeal.

The extrication of the United States from the colonial womb, for the first time in history logically and practically applied the underlying principle of fraternity, which is rapidly becoming the dominant power in human development. Resting upon the Sovereignty of God and upon the universal ascendancy of the Moral Law, recognizing inherent rights of which individuals and minorities could not be deprived, asserting the actual equality of all men before the law, which is distinct from equality of gifts, of circumstances and conditions, and looking to the mind and conscience of educated and trained citizens as the only legitimate source of governmental authority, itself restricted within just constitutional limitations, our Federal and State systems, moving together in inseparable continuity, reached and aroused the innermost aspirations of the human race. In other words, this Republic, by a gradual but sure process, is making the unities, and not the diversities, the regnant forces in modern civilization. Not denominational, not atheistical, and almost purged from the last vestige of bigotry, intolerance and fanaticism, it bears aloft the standard of humanity, under the confessed supremacy of God and the Moral Law, which gathers up and enforces the essentials upon which all forms of religion, compatible with civilization, are in accord.

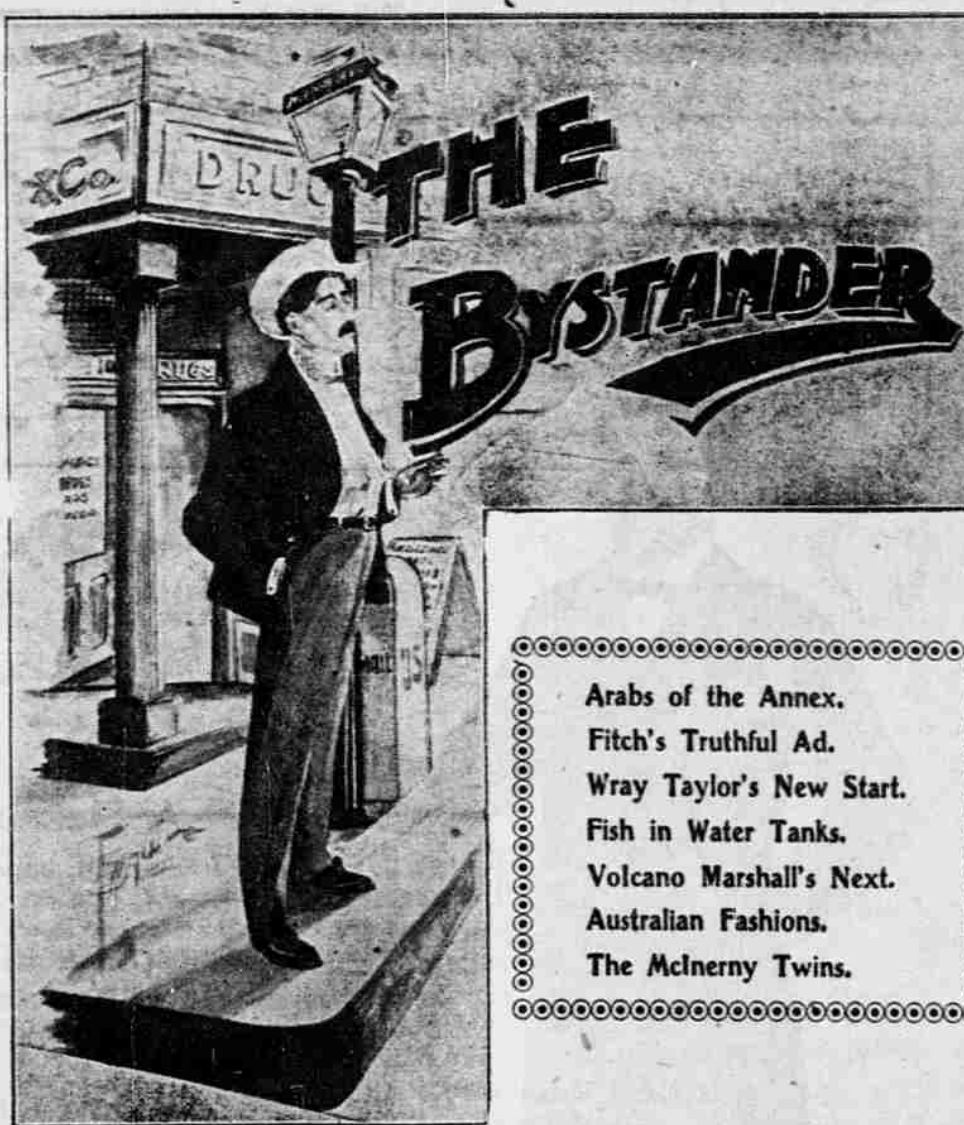
The effect has been as prodigious as it is accelerating and permanent. The briefest contrast between the Eighteenth and the Twentieth Centuries will bring this fact home to average intelligence. Then the roar of discord and of contest arose from theological dogmas, which were unessential to happiness and advancement. Now the song of brotherhood arises from the heart of man, hovers like the notes of a nightingale, even above the smoke and the clash of battle, and pours its uplifting music into the depths of night and of degradation. Then the lines of separation between religious sects were broad and crimson. Now they are melting in the white light of peace and harmony. Fraternal organizations, even those which assert the pernicious doctrines of socialism or anarchy, have spread throughout every nook and corner of organized society, and have even invaded the stolidity of Asia. As the United States and Great Britain are working together for common ends, without the formality of national alliance, so religious bodies are approaching each other and are cooperating on lines, equally important in time and in eternity. Hebrew Rabbis, such as Voorsanger in San Francisco, proclaim the peace of the prophets, and invoke Christ as an example. The Roman Catholics, with such great men as Leo XIII as interpreters, modify the non-essentials, so as to throw their mighty influence towards the tolerance and the upbuilding power of Americanism. Catholic Episcopalians, Bishop Restarick in our own midst for example, dwell, not on the points of difference but upon the points of agreement, in which communities as well as individuals are ripening for the harvest. All denominations, without departing from their fundamental creeds or weakening their adaptation to the wants of particular orders of human beings, are converging towards that vital centre, which is to supply light and warmth to the untold myriads of the future.

The retrospect and comparisons of the past, the full comprehension of the present, and the prescient eye of the educated citizen directed towards succeeding generations, which are to shine with the luminosity of the stars, contradict the auguries of pessimism and beautify the optimistic vision with the radiance of truth. And no sphere of activity in progress has been found, in which the American Union does not bear a conspicuous and far reaching part.

The Anglican Church Chronicle is right in urging the Promotion Committee to say something in its literature about church privileges here. Quite likely the committee is doing so, but the advice is sound in any event. No one to whom the ministrations of a Christian church is a factor in the choice between health and pleasure resorts, need fear deprivation in Hawaii. There were Evangelical Protestant churches here before any existed on the mainland, west of the Rocky mountains and they have increased in number since. A Catholic establishment has been here over sixty years. The third Episcopal Bishop is now in service, the second one having been here about twenty-five years. A Union Protestant church with an undenominational service, a Methodist and a Christian church afford evangelical preaching every Sunday. The Episcopalians have a cathedral, a church and many chapels.

The Jewish nose is said to be disappearing. Of 3000 Hebrews observed by Dr. Fishberg, medical examiner for the United Hebrew Societies, only six per cent had noses with the Semitic hook. Straight noses constituted sixty-eight per cent, broad noses twelve per cent and "pug" noses fourteen per cent. Life in America and other humane lands long ago relieved the Jew of his hunted and apologetic look and now if the characteristic nose is to disappear it will be impossible to tell a Jew from a gentile, save by his religion, his hygienic rules and his superior knack of business. The change in physique indicates that the Jew is no longer keeping his racial blood pure and that he will, before many years, be merged into the type of the nation to which his citizenship belongs. Evidently there is not going to be much chance to move him back to Jerusalem.

At a recent Spanish War Veterans' Convention on the Mainland the music of the campaigns they fought in was avoided. No band played "A Hot Time," to which all had marched and fought in 1898. It is the same with Civil War veterans. No one ever heard a G. A. R. procession moving along to the tune of "John Brown's Body." "Marching Through Georgia," an air invented long after Appomattox, is preferred. In the South, however, they cling to "Dixie," and well they may.



Arabs of the Annex.  
Fitch's Truthful Ad.  
Wray Taylor's New Start.  
Fish in Water Tanks.  
Volcano Marshall's Next.  
Australian Fashions.  
The McInerney Twins.

You have probably noticed the flock of native boys about the Annex, Honolulu's beautiful seaside resort. They hold horses, run errands and pull coconuts from the lofty trees and occasionally do things not so creditable. What I am getting at is that some of them have no homes and would be proper subjects for the organized charities and the truant officer, if there is one. They sleep in boats and barns, eat seaweed, coconuts and refuse food, occasionally they steal something from a carriage, now and then go crabbing at night along the beach and at all times pick up loose change enough for craps. They are true Arabs of the shore. One of them, I noticed, has instincts of cleanliness—and he also knows his kind. His tattered little shirt needed washing and shaking it off he went to the beach and scrubbed it well. Where to hang it out to dry was the next question. He peered around and saw no place near the ground which was safe from his mates; then he started up one of those high palm trunks, climbing with the agility of a cat. Fifty feet from the ground he hung his shirt on a great frond and descending, joined in the common sport. The shirt was where he would see it while he played. In half an hour he climbed the tree again, donned his dry garment and threw down enough green coconuts for lunch.

Col. Tom Fitch, who is again in town, told me a good story the other day about his experiences in the great San Diego boom of 1886. He was at the head of the Combination Land Company which was selling a deal of real estate in those days. Col. Tom was not only President but ad. writer and when he threw himself into print one fairly saw his salable property making other people rich. While going over the map of a new addition to San Diego and describing each particular block as a paradise in the rough and a gold mine undeveloped, he came to a block which consisted of a gaunt ravine, deep and dusty, inhabited by horned toads and rattlesnakes. "What shall we say about this?" asked his partner anxiously. "Say," said Tom as inspiration came to him—"tell the truth about it!" So the gifted ad. writer put this into type:

### FOR SALE.

Block 17, Paradise Addition to San Diego, twenty lots on paper. This property is the most worthless in the county. A hole in the ground which cannot be improved. Alkali dust, cactus and snakes. Will not subdivide.

The next day a man walked in and asked about the property. "Is it as bad as you say?" he inquired. "Worse!" replied Tom. "Where is it on the map?" The President of the Combination Land Company showed him. "How much?" asked the stranger. "You can have it for \$250." "All right, here's your money. Make out the deed." When the transaction was over, Col. Fitch asked his customer what he wanted of such a worthless claim? "I'll tell you," was the candid reply. "When a man goes to take out a saloon license here he has to prove up as an owner of real estate. I am eligible now."

"And that goes to show," says the Colonel, "that honesty is the best policy even in advertising corner lots."

They tell me that Wray Taylor is quietly living with his wife and white children in Massachusetts, where he lived before coming here, and is making a new start. There is enough mystery in the Taylor case to occupy the mind of the average detective for thirty years, but I suppose a few simple facts, in possession of local people, would clear up all the shadows. So far as the missing money is concerned Taylor's friends, of whom he had a multitude, would have been glad to make it good, but they got no chance. Taylor simply cut loose from Hawaii for once and all and in middle life chose the hazard of new fortunes.

Few people ever show symptoms like malaria here—it is doubtful that any one ever had, on these islands, the real thing. But those who come nearest to the mark are apt to be denizens of the suburbs to whom city water is supplied once a week and who store it in tanks. The spawn of fish comes down from the Nuuanu reservoirs, enters the warm tanks and matures. If the tank is not soon cleaned these fish grow to quite a good size and then die for want of food, poisoning the water from which household supplies are drawn. No fishy tank should pass the month uncleaned; when it does the doctors reap a harvest and occasionally the undertaker comes in for a bone.

I look for an early copy of "The Dragon," Volcano Marshall's public organ of private opinion at Shanghai. Before going on the Shanghai Times, Marshall got out the prospectus of "The Dragon," but the offer of a daily editorship at \$600 per month Mex., allured him from a venture of his own. Now he is in shape to go back to his first scheme with or without his valet. In my mind's eye, Horatio, I see him undertaking, with an eager and nipping air, the reform of Shanghai's local administration. I see him posting the long-queued officials as thieves. Then I see the bony arm of a Chinese taotal reach out from behind a green curtain and draw Marshall into the shadows where stands the Lord High Executioner with his snickersnee. After that, alas!

The short, sharp shock  
Of a chill and chippy chopper  
On a big, black block.

The Australian lydes who occasionally drop off here give one interesting pointers about fashions. I heard one say awhile ago—I won't pretend to give her points—that Honolulu is far behind the times. "Look at the way your homes are dressed," she said. "In Australia one's parlor has handsome, glossy haircloth furniture. In the center of the room is a marble-topped table on which fine books and perhaps the gilt-edged family Bible are laid. Every chair has a pretty, knitted tidi and in the corner of the room is a set of mahogany shelves, built to fit the angles, something we call a What Not. It's most convenient don't you know. I've been in many a Honolulu house and have never seen any of these things but I suppose you'll get them in time. Then look at your beds—they have no valences. Really I don't see how you live. Why I went to all your shops the other day and asked for prunella shoes. The clerks had never heard of them. Think of that, now."

My next friend, who was born in Vermont, said afterwards, "That explains where Europe and America's cast off commodities go. All the articles this lady spoke of had begun to get passe in New England when I was a child. My grandmother wore prunella shoes; my mother's parlor had haircloth furniture and a marble-topped center table. I wonder if Australia also inherited our waxed flowers and hanging photographs in natural hair frames? You see when our fashions changed the overloaded stores simply emptied themselves upon Australia at a sacrifice and the people down there thought they were getting the latest. So they hung on to it. Judging from the clothes our visiting Australians wear, the sartorial fashions of the Far South are those of 1894. And yet the complacent colonials tell us we are yet in the woods."

The McInerney boys, being twins, used to fool their own father. Their disguise was as complete as that of the other twins whose parent said: "Whin I put me finger in Dinny's mouth an' he bites I know it's Moike." Now the only way people tell the McInerneys apart is by the spectacles on the one at the shoe store. Those make him look older. When one of the boys goes away on a vacation and returns the other one, who has been here all the while, gets half the congratulations on his "improved appearance." Bills for the one go to the other, and if both denied responsibility the creditor could never tell them apart. Fortunately neither are married so there are no wives to be puzzled over a question of identity.

## COMMERCIAL NEWS

The plantation consolidation which was projected to be known as the Hawaiian Securities Co., incorporated under the laws of New Jersey, has now been definitely abandoned. The recent big slump on the New York stock market is the primary cause for the withdrawal of the proposal made nearly a year ago to the stockholders of four of the best Maui plantations. It is barely possible that at some future time an effort may be again made to carry through the scheme, or some similar proposition.

P. C. Jones, to whom is given credit for evolving the plan, said yesterday: "The Hawaiian Securities Co. plan has been dropped. The busting of the ship-building trust, the slump in industrial and the 'undigested securities' as Mr. Morgan put it, has made it unwise to attempt the consolidation now. Then there were stockholders in some plantations who opposed the plan, though we had a majority in each of the four companies. Still one man who owned ten dollars' worth of stock would have to be reckoned with outside the company, which made the unanimous consent of all owners to be desired. We had a meeting, and in view of the condition of the New York market, decided that it was not wise to attempt the floating of the company there at this time. It would not have been possible probably to dispose of the securities in New York, and there would be the expense of offices, tax and reports, with no return. It looked like a good thing, and would have been a good thing, for stockholders in one plantation would have had the others to depend upon, in case one of them had a bad year."

The Hawaiian Securities Co. was to have been the name of the company which was to have taken over four of the Brewer & Co. plantations: Hawaiian Agricultural, Walluku Sugar, Onomea Sugar and Honomu Sugar Co. The plan was to organize a corporation under the liberal laws of New Jersey with a capital of \$12,000,000. The plan originally was to place the stock on the New York market where it would be given a value, which quotations on the local and coast markets did not give.

### A PLAN OF COLLECTIONS.

Some of the merchants are talking of a "Collection Day" and the Merchants' Association may take the matter up soon. The plan is to designate one day in each month as a collection day on which all bills are to be paid. At present the larger corporations, principally the plantation agencies, have individual days for paying bills and it is difficult to get the old firms to see the advantage of a change. Years ago under the passport system it was easy for anyone to get credit, and as long as the creditor didn't try to leave the country there was no thought of asking him to pay his bills. Now the passport system is no longer in vogue, and the writ of exeat has also been held illegal, merchants have no check upon the men to whom they extend credit. For some time they have been endeavoring to bring business down to thirty-day basis, but so far without success.

### ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

The week was the liveliest on the Stock Exchange for months. Sales were reported every day and the tendency

has always been upward. A good deal of it is due to the firmness of the sugar market, though the quarterly dividends also were responsible in a measure. The largest sale of Ewa for some time was recorded, a thousand shares at \$22.50, the prevailing price. As B. F. Dillingham said in an interview after his return from the Coast, a sale of this size always sends the price upward. The next block of Ewa offered brought \$23. This was a sale of but fifty shares. There was also a sale earlier in the week of five shares at \$24.

Onomea rallied later in the week after dropping to 29. There were no sales at the lower figure in Honolulu. Later there was a sale of 150 shares at 30 1/4 and yesterday it required a dollar a share more to bring out fifty shares. In Kihikihi sixty-eight shares changed at 11 1/4, and fifteen O. R. & L. Co. sold at 90. McBryde also gained a little, thirty shares selling at 4 during the week; yesterday thirty-six shares bringing 4 1/4. Hilo Railway, which was recently listed on the local exchange, sold at 17, there being a sale of ten shares. In Kahuku, ten shares sold at 20, and two sales totalling ninety-five shares were reported in Oloa at 10 1/4.

There was also some little demand for bonds during the week. The sales reported were \$1,000 O. R. & L. Co. at 104, and \$7,000 Pioneer and \$6,000 Kahuku, both at par. There will be no sitting of the Stock Exchange tomorrow it being Labor Day.

The dividends announced for the end of August were as follows: Ewa R. Co., 1/2 per cent; C. Brewer & Co., 1/2 per cent; Honomu (Sept. 5), 1 per cent; Onomea (S. F. Sept. 5), 2 per cent; Waimanalo, 1 per cent; Inter-Island S. N. Co., 1 per cent; Hawaiian Electric Co., 1/2 per cent; Pioneer, 1/2 per cent; Pacific Sugar Mill, 5 per cent.

The sale of \$15,000 fire claims bonds during the week at 97 was somewhat of a surprise. The bonds were bought by Harry Armitage and are reported to be wanted as a trust investment. Nearly all of the bonds taken by the banks have been placed in New York. The Bank of Hawaii disposed of all the fire claims bonds held by it in New York, though the other banks still have theirs.

The centrally located Schmidt property in Beretania street, adjoining the Queen's Hospital premises, went low in the series of judicial sales held by James F. Morgan yesterday. It was knocked down for \$25,000 to R. D. Mead, trustee, which means that it was bought in by the mortgagees. As the mortgage and expenses amount to \$38,000 in round figures, the price comes short \$13,000 of clearing the mortgagee's debt in that regard. The land contains two and seven-tenths acres, with several good houses upon it. The sale was ordered by Judge De Bolt in the foreclosure suit of William O. Smith, Henry Waterhouse and Mary S. Parker, trustees under the will of W. C. Lunallilo, deceased, vs. H. W. Schmidt.

The mortgaged property of M. G. Silva and wife, consisting of lots 15 and 17, block 3, Puuhale, was bought by Mrs. Kahanu Meek for \$751.

Under instructions of Jas. A. Thompson, commissioner in the suit of Mary E. Foster vs. Ernest Kaai, a school street lot of 251-1000 acre was bought by Mrs. Foster for \$1750.

Premises at Kewalo, sold under foreclosure of mortgage made by J. T. Figueroa and wife to Cecil Brown, was bought by F. F. Fernandez for \$1100.

## THE FOLLY TO BE FEARED

A friend and supporter of the disbarred attorney, George A. Davis, writes the following with reference to published reports that there was pistol talk in connection with the disbarment cases tried here:

"The community did not and does not today know that Andrews has anything to fear but the folly of his vices agents."

On July 29 in the Supreme Court George A. Davis, standing in a threatening attitude close to Lorin Andrews and answering a sarcasm on the subject of his pistol pocket bluff, said in substance: "The pistol will be there some time."

In view of this, the only assumption on which Mr. Davis's friends can say that Andrews has nothing to fear is that the statements of Davis are not worth any attention, if that is the case then the folly is that of Davis and not that of those who are absurdly termed "press agents." If Davis is so irresponsible that it is folly for representatives of the press to heed what he says, his disbarment was an even greater blessing than Honolulu people generally thought heaven was bestowing upon them.

As a matter of fact, since the sensational cases which were tried in the Supreme Court last August began, nothing has been commoner in Honolulu, among all classes, than expression of the fear that there would be deplorable personal encounters. A newspaper which failed to mention this failed to fully present the news of the cases, and any newspaper correspondent who neglected to give it some place was ignoring matters properly mentionable. That the Mainland newspapers gave it more prominence than those here did is due to the single fact that they do not know George A. Davis, while the papers here do. Locally his defenders have taken the remarkable position of complaining because he was not regarded as irresponsible and unworthy of notice.—Star.

### THE MOST USEFUL TREE

(Continued from Page 1.)

are rapidly being veiled in verdure which daily encroaches on their higher slopes. The shade does not prevent turf from growing luxuriantly. The presence of the tree brings showers where the rain formerly seldom fell. Its only criticism is made by the barefooted lads and lasses who occasionally step foul of a wind-wrecked branch

on which the thorns of all acaciae flourish.

The Japanese are in the habit of burying the wood and then burning it for charcoal for use in tailoring irons and other heating purposes.

Used as piles, the algaroba is singularly impervious to the attacks of the teredo worm, the stringency of the bark furnishing the probable protection. While not impregnable the wood is far less liable to destruction than other varieties and in water that is not entirely salt as in Pearl Harbor, five and more years of use shows no sign of borers or other deterioration. Neither is it as liable to the lodgment of seaweed and shellfish.

### FIRST ARRIVAL OF ALGAROBIA.

The algaroba arrived in 1837. One of the parent trees, corded and veined and gnarled in three-score and six years, still waves its tendril-like twigs and casts a pleasant shadow over the grounds of the Roman Catholic Mission on Fort street. On its sturdy trunk, at a height beyond the reach of mischievous boys and marring canes, is tacked a sign which reads as follows:

"FIRST ALGAROBIA TREE OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, IMPORTED AND PLANTED IN 1837 BY FATHER BACHELOT, FOUNDER OF THE R. C. MISSION."

When Father Bachelot returned to these islands in 1837, after an absence of six years, he brought with him from Southern California, as a present from the Franciscan monks with whom he had passed the time, certain slips and seeds of plants which, it was thought, might flourish in far away Hawaii. The cathedral was not then built but algarobas soon flourished in the mission grounds on and about the cathedral site. They are represented by their survivor and its myriad descendants.

### NOT A NATIVE OF CALIFORNIA.

The algaroba will not grow in Southern California although experiments have been tried and it is probable that the Franciscan monks procured them from South American missions, such as those established at Lima, Peru, and other cities. It is generally accepted that the bean requires the warmth of an intestinal passage through an animal to reach fertility, though this is questioned by others who assert that the algaroba flourishes where no cattle ever stray.

It is possible that, by treatment with hot water or other incubatory action, vital activity could be started. Some beans were sent to Samoa by Wores shortly before he left, at the request of a trader on Savaii but results have not been heard from. Father Valentini thinks that Father Bachelot brought beans over with him while others opine that the trees were brought over as carefully tended slips.